GHOSTS THAT STALK THE OCEAN

Atlantic Are the Greatest Menaces to the Big Ships and Their Cargoes of Human Beings.

(Copyright, 1896.) When the good steamship St. Paul starts out from Saulty Hook Wednesday she will carry in her crew an ocean delective warranted to guard berself and passenger from loss of site and property in the journey

Over the ship's bow, in an iron cage, at the very water seage, will be a greatsearchlight of 20,000 candle power, manned night and day by a trusty guard and absoletely guarant effodetect the recbergs that are filling the ocean this spring as they have never filled it before.

It is as though Nansen were up at the Pole howing off big glaciers and sending them down as specimens of the companions be needs in his arctic voyage.

These icebergs, coming down from Greens land and the Polar regions are the most formulable things the ocean pilots of April formulative things the ocean pilots of April and May have to deal with. The approach of a sailing vessel is made known to the seamen by the constant tooting of the foghorns. No matter how dull it may be on At other times a dull slive gishness shuts it the occan the fegherns are heard telling that a saiding vessel is in a certain direction and "Ship anoy?" If a steamer is coming there is a blowing of her whistles. One steamer cannot coulde with another, except by the grossest mismanagement, such as does not now occur once in a generation.

But with the iceberg it is different. It comes without foghern or whistle. It is silent as death and as colorless as the atmosphere. If it is coated with snow it is white, but if it has slid off the end of Greeland, after being washed by the waves, it is as clear and transparent as the cake of ice the icemun leaves at your door. It is these clear, colorless, silent bergs that are the terror of sailors and the nightmare of the captain of the vessel.

hour of the voyage. At night it is shin-ing brilliantly, and is manned by the sharpest lookout of the crew; and in foggy days it is just as carefully attended. It is only in the very clearest hours at noonday. when the day is warmest, that the searchlight

The approach of an iceberg is said to be unheralded. But to those who know the ocean there is a premonition of itas coming events cast their studious be-

The iceberg casts its chill before. At dead of night, if the atmosphere grows suddenly very cold, and the wind be-comes biting, the lookout notifies the pilot. and the pilot notifies the mate, and the mate puts himself in communication with the crew. There is a silent word, a mean-ing look, the ghost of a bit of information passed along the line; and the men below are turned out, regardless of lost sleep.

are turned out, regardless of lost sleep, of early hours.

The chili tells the men that an iceberg is hovering around. It may be back of them and passing away. It may have passed along the course hours before. It may have been a small one, now melting, or it may be a berg that is entirely underneath the water, and this is the worst kind of all.

Pretty soon the off sets more number.

Pretty soon the air gets more nipping, the breath of the saliors turns to frost on their beards. The thermometer falls phenomenally low and the spars and rigging become coated with brilliant crystal. Then all know that an iceberg is very close and all hands watch for it.

The searchlight gets in its fine work now.
With men carefully searching its rays it
flumines the ocean sometimes for miles ahead, and always for enough in the dis tance to permit the ship to turn and avoid

a coming berg.

Pretty soon the great ragged, towering outlines are seen far off, menacing and coming swiftly onward. Then the captain does his best work. Whether to reverse the engines and turn back, whether to go swiftly forward, or whether to stand still and let the berg go on its way south-as all bergs do-is a question of judgment which be must burriedly determine.

This senson there have been a greater number of collisions from icebergs than have been known before in ocean history since the days when steam and electricity revolutionized ocean travel. But the ac-cidents have been to salling vessels, yachts and the smaller of the ocean craft. The great ocean greybounds are too carefully trained and too fleet to be caught

by the occan terror.

The way of placing the searchlight differs. Many ships puts the lights high over the low, chiming that a greater distance can be seen, but others place if at the water's edge, because there no shadow can interfere to confuse the lookout. When Frances Willard sailed on the Paris last Wednesday she had with her a body guard, which the devoted members of the W. C. T. U never thought of provid-ing, and which excelled in watchfulness and efficiency the faithful Area Gordon. Miss Willard's other self. This was a great searchigh that scanned the water thread, and warned the crew of the ocean ghosts that are at this particular season unsleeping proviers of the deep.

The place wince most leebergs come from is Greenland, which sught to be named Whiteland. All the spring it is white as snow, coated with the great bergs that beeck off as the waters rush jest and start south. Other bergs come from the frozen northwest passage, which foolish The loc, when it breaks up at this time of and gets about as for south as Greenland.

Here it lodges, getting wedged in the nar-row passages, and getting an extra freez. Exchange.

Giant Icebergs that Dot the North | Search Light Is the Flost Perfec Safeguard Vet Devised and Minimizes the Danger.

> ing as it tarries under the frozen aus. One or these mays the end breaks off, and down it sweeps to form the dreaded berg of the

The worst of al licebergs are those that strike the coral reefs in the ocean and get "grounded." As everybody knows, a piece water. If you see a point sticking up, you may be sure there as a great out of tee singer the water. With an looberg there may be a great mass of ice of an irregular shape stuck fast to a mountain on the bed of toe ocean, orit may have been caught in some of the persistent growths in the bed of the

The only intimation that the sailor has The only intimation that the sailor has of this is a joint sticking up in the air. It looks like an insignificant piece of ice, and noticing that it is not sweeping toward him, he ventures on his way. The nextnote or warning he aims is warn toe null of his vessel strikes the solid mass far below the water, and the good ship gets a shock that makes him glad that it has iron sides along with its woods structure. with its woody structure.

off at the water's edge.

There is not one passenger in a thousand that crosses the ocean that knows there is a searchlight in the bow always alert for is a searching in the low always alerting the moving ghosts. The gleam is for ships they tatuk, but they little know that it is for the fatal berg, nor can they imagine how glad the ocean crew was when the first searchlight was put in a ship and found to be

worthy of the sca's use.

The biggest iceberg seen thus far this spring was one that was measured by ship's eye to be ten miles iong and twenty miles wide. It was a beautiful thing, and iny aload for crough for safety, yet it could be easily seen with the naked eye. Passengers took to their steamer chairs to watch it, and the camera fiends on board levelled their instruments at it. On one side nearest the ship, there was a great cavern, with of the cuptain of the vessel.

To guard against these all ocean steam ships now go out with a scarchlight in their bows. This light is an electric one, and is kept directed ahead for almost every hour of the voyage. At night it is shinall heaved a sigh of regret.

The sailors of m ship that came in not

The sailors of a sing that came in not long ago told of being summoned by the lookout at the search light one night to watch an old sight abead. There were three great bergs, and in the midst of them was a sailing vessel. As she came on the bergs parted and the vessel passed brough as if by a path, though all on board must have been offering up their last

These ocean ghosts have been from time too far to tell greatly dreaded by seamen, but this year they are being caught by a detective whose watch for them is as sleepless as the sky above.

HENRY SANDERSON.

BORE MANY AFFLICTIONS.

Indiana Man Who Was Unfortunate in All He Undertook.. Lanson Summy of Clumerite, who recent-ly died, during his life was a singularly afflicted man. Twenty years ago he was pros-trated with heart trouble, eventually recov-ering. Afterward, while felling timber, a tree caught and croshed his leg, breaking the bone eight times between the knee and ankle. This left him, after a long disablement, only partially recovered. While hauling logs a splinter struck him in the eye, injuring that member quite severely. A physician was called, who proved to be intoxicated, and who left a caustic instead of a lotion to be applied to the burt. The caus-

the distroyed the eye entirely.

Still later he was the victim of an accident which left him badly ruptured, and in 1884 his collar bone was badly fractured, and it he readjustment was so imperfect that it had to be broken three times before it would properly reunite. Then, again, he attempted to assist in raising a barn and a glancing blow from an ax wielded by a workman struck him in the back, again sending him to bed for months. Then he was seized of sciatic rheumatism, because of which his sufferings were terrible, and scarcely was he convalescent before he was afflicted with catarrh of the hand, laying him up the entire scason and resulting in the loss of a part of one thumb. Mr. Summy finally died a natural death, contrary to general expectation.

Her Ticket Sixteen Years Old. The fare from West Hampton, N. Y., to Middletown on the New York, Lake Ericand Western Railroad is 10 cents. I was aboard a train which stopped at West Hampton the duer day and my attention was attracted by a prim old maid who stepped aboard there. One could assert with safety after a glance at her bonnet and sha with at both had done service for many years. Conductor Mandaville stopped at her sent to get her ticket. She found it after some time in an old-fashioned packetbook, the flaps of which were held together by an elastic band. He smiled as he looked at the ticket, and when I inquired about it be passed it over for my ction. It bore the date, "May 3,

Ten cents," he said, and it's been guarded sixteen years. I'll bet there's no mortgage on the house she lives in." I wondered why the ticket had not been med before

"You can bet she kept it because it was worth 10 cents." said the conductor. He was probably right, for when she reached Middletown, as far as the old ticket w take her, she bought another for Port Jervis,-New York Herald.

Even Bishops Make Bulls

A number of "bulls" by members of Parament and others have been printed intely, but hishops seem to perpetuate them some-times. The hishop of Ripon in a sermon the other day at Calverley, hear Leeds, be-trayed his Hibernian origin, not for the irst time, in the same way. He said brethren. I beg of you to take hold of your wn heart and look it straight in the face





The Search Light as a Detective Against Ocean Foes.

OLDEST WOMEN'S Athletic Club in America Has Challenged An Eleven to Contest at the Wickets.

Chicago Record.

A year or two ago-a year ago, indeedcricket was one of the games that wen equin this country could look on at but not in-

We have changed all that now, and ladies' cricket matches" are taking their place among pastimes for the maidens of this end of the century.

Although it is only a few months ago that a woman's eleven was formed-and this at Livingston, Staten Island-so brave have the damsels become and so skillful as field ers, batters and bowlers that they have challenged another ladies' eleven of Ger-mantown, Pa., and a match game between the two teams is now being arranged, and come off in a few weeks.

All the young women of Staten Island with athletic proclivities belong to the ladies' club, the oldest and largest association of its kind for women in this coun try. They play tenunis, croquet, golf ton, and not long since one enterprising damset propounded a conunum-"Why don't we play cricket?"
Why not indeed? There seemed only

by investing in bats and balls and learning all about a "popping crease" and "byes" and "wides" and "maiden-overs" and "long field off." Just at first the Staten Island eleven-the inc eleven-preferred to play without any spectators; indeed, it was noticed hat the time they chose for batting and bowling was when their brothers and their ousins had gone over to the other side of the island to play golf.

But the next thing these same brothers and

consins knew they were playing a match game of cricket with their eleven, captained by a girl and behold, the masculine cricketers were beaten—possibly because they played left-handed and batted with baseball bats instead of cricket bats, "to make it more even," as some one explained.

The history of cricket as played by the young women of Philadelphia is similar. Upon occasions young girls have played cricket "just for the fun of it," but of late bey have gone into the game in dead earn st, with Miss Agnes Morgan captain of the

At Staten Island there are two teams-he Living stons, captained by Miss Marion Brue Heineken, and the Richmonds, captained by Miss McNamee.

Of the 300 members of the Ladies' Club

24 play cricket. As to their instructor, they have been coached by Lohmann, a professional. He is a brother of Lohmann of Surrey, England, who is noted as being one of the best all-

round cricketers in the world.

able degree of efficiency in throwing the ball-which is really a new accomplish-ment, for a woman's lack of skill in this direction dates from time immemorial; but at Staten Island the unwary batswoman who ventures far from her wicket is apt to be caught napping by a well-directed and accurate throw-in of the ball by a fair

And the pretty gowns these fair cricketthan an ordinary walking skirt; white shirt waists, sailor hats of white straw, with scarlet bands, belts and cravats— this is the uniform of the Richmond cleven; the Livingstons substitute light blue for red, otherwise the dress is identical. Tennis shoes, with spikes in the bottom, are

In the game which the young ladles put up against the gentlemen, playing leftanded, the latter were defeated by seven

wickets.

The men went to the wickets first; Miss Scrymser and Miss Bennett opened the attack. There was quick fielding and good bowling on the part of the girls and all the men were out for seventy runs. Then the ladies went to the wickets with everychance of victory. The men ranged themselves ladies went to the wickets with everychance of victory. The men ranged themselves in the field and two maidens faced the bowling. In perfect style, they played the left-handed attempts of the men bowlers and prescully the fair side was out for minety-three. The men, protesting that with time they could secure the victory, were sent in again. St. George Walker and his brother, E. Walker, formed a part

CRICKETERS IN SKIRTS nership, which was the only stand of the afternoon, Miss Bennett being especially successful with the ball.

With a short time to play, the ladies bat-ted with the idea or winning on both innings. The Misses Edwards and Mc-Namee hit out in fine style until the latter was caught. When Miss Scrymser Joined Miss Edwards runs came quickly, and in the end the ladies had gained a victory over champion cricketers by seven wickets.

PANORAMA ALL IN ICE

MILES OF BERGS And Floes Like a Frozen City Adrift. Steamships Run Through Them.

New York Sun.

No liner ever that a more spectacular voy age than the twin-screw Atlantic transport steamship Mobile, which arrived yes-terday from London. The Mobile car-ried thirty-four saloon passengers, among When she struck the latitude of the south

casterly edge of the Bapks, on Friday last, the temperature took a tumble of 30 de grees, and the passengers who had been in deck for several days sought comfort in the saloon. At 8 o'clock that morning the mercury had fallen to the freezing point. Capt. Layland had observed at dawn an immense ice field to the southwest of the one way to solve the problem, audithat was ship. He changed his course to the westward to avoid danger in the masses of drifting ice. But he couldn't escape the crystalline panorame, and the children, who peeped through the ports at the gor geous arctic abow, were glad he couldn't.
There was a stiff wind blowing from the ice caverns of the north, and it was hustling

the big bergs down across the westward steamship track. There were fleets and fleets of them, so many that Capt. Layland couldn't count them, and so fantastic that the children couldn't be persuaded to leave the ports for fear of missing any part of the spectacle. The captain says that the sea to the south of him for miles and miles looked in the clear atmosphere like a frozen city adrift. The bergs were from 20 to 200 feet. high. Some of them were green, and snim-mered like green foliage after a shower. These were bergs recently dispatched from the great glaciers of Labrador; others of the gigantic fleet were snowy white, and under the glare of the sun and the warm influence of the Gulf stream they were fast going to pieces. Cataracts and rivulets poured down their hone you heat sides into the sea with a gurgle heard aboard the ship. For four hours the Mobile threaded her way among the big and little bergs and floes. She was forced to change her course five times to avoid collision or imprisonment. Every now and then one of the house combed lee maintains would "turn turtle" with a rush and roar that filled the hearts of the little ories

at the ports with wonder and delight.
It was so cold when the ship was in the middle of the great pack that only a few The usual two-pound-four-ounce hat is used and the regulation five-and-three-quarters-ounce hall. In connection with fielding, the girls have attained a remark-Layland says that officers found pedfack-ets comfortable. The biggest berg seen was about 200 feet high and nearly a quarter of a mile long. It was decorated with minarets, procacles, and all corts of architectural ice frifle. The ship steamed so close to several of the big bergs that a good ballplayer might have easily lossed a balltothem. Some of the bergs were almost circular and so white that they locked like circular and so white that they looked like mammoth showballs. Capt. Layland says that he doesn't believe that the ice extended to the southern steamship lane. Nearly all of the fee was melting rapidly as it approached the edge of the Gulf stream. There was a very little of it to the northward of him, but, as far as the vision extended, it stretched to the routh and east. There was so as good deal of it to the west.

The brand are attainship Glenlochy, from Glasgow, what is replied her maiden trip to this port surfay, also had an experience with the bergs on the same day. One looked the fire a dimantied steamship carried in frostal. It was a wash amidships. It had it will defined how and stern. The water positing over the side was from the melting of the berg, but it had the appearance of being a sea that had swept

pearance of being a sea that had swept athwart the shipping phantom.

IN THE ADIRONDACKS

DWELLERS IN THE Switzerland of America Go Boating, Fishing, Hunting, Climbing and Do Other Interesting Things.

Hartford Times.

When the cold winter winds begin to blow one's mind naturally turns toward a mild climate and the comforting mys of a tropical sun, and it is scarcely without a shiver that the spending of a winter in the Adirondacks is contemplated.

But this is what some are obliged to do. and here among the mountains 2,000 feet above thesea there is a little colony of perhaps 400 or 500 people, where the bleak winds and extreme cold cannot drive a way These people are trying in the pure, crisp air to check the advances of a dread disease-some vainly and others with a greater or less degree of success, but all pressing on with a encertainess and perseretance that offtimes seems wonderful when of Saranae Lake takes its full share of these 'exiles," so to spenk, but some few find their way to Bloomingdale, six miles for

Bloomingdale is a small town of about 400 inhabitants. It is about four and one-balf miles from Paul Smuth's station, on the Adirondack Railway, which runs north from the Bloomingilale station, on the "Cnataugay." a narrow-gauge road running from Plattsburg to Saranac Lake.

There are two Blocmingdales in New York State. The one here mentioned is in Essex county, and strangers in town generally like to have it distinctly understood, as the other town aims to cure troubles other than those of the lungs. A certain gentleman was married about a year ago came here to engage in business. His wife was receiving calls one afternoon. and one of the ladies asked her where her husband was. Upon being told that he was in "Bloomingdale," they all expressed their sympathy and offered kind words of condolence on so sad an affair. Bloomingdale is about midway between Saranac Lake and the famous "Paul

Smith's," and though lacking the galety of its neighbors it is neknowledged to be one of the healthiest spots in the Adiron-dacks, and from it one has a meuntain view that can scarcely be excelled in this scetion.

To the south, extending from east to west, is a picturesque range. At about the center stands "The Slide," a mountain over whose face the loosened earth has slid, crushing and sweeping all before growth of limber, is now a bare surface of rock, over which the water runs in little rivulcts, and which in the glare of the sun sidnes forth with the brilliancy of polished To the east of "The Slide" is "White

this fact it takes its name, as the sun or moon shining on it produces a bright, or "white," effect. The summit of this mountain can be reached from three sides, and though the climb is a difficult one It is more than worth one's trouble when he at length finds himself on the top and the magnificent view lies spread before him. Between the village and the mountains is the beautiful Saranac river. its source in the lake of the same name and winding its tortuous way through the country, among bill and dale, it eventually finds its way into historic Platisburgh, and loses itself in the broad

Face," a grand old mountain, which is one of the highest in the State. The summit is barren, being nothing but rock, and from

waters of Lake Champlain. Crossing the river and proceeding toward the mountains, one comes to a beautiful sheet of water known as Moose Pond. Why it should be called a "pond," the writer is not qualified to say, for it is far more is not qualified to say, for it is far more beautiful than some of those bodies that bear the more suggestive and pretention

name.

A visit to Moose Pond gives one an idea of what a wilderness the Adirondacks must have been ere the forests were laid low by the hand of civilization. Set in the midst of hills and mountains, with the woods extending to its very edge, it is a wikderness, indeed, and it requires no very great stretch of one's imagination to cause him to fancy himself living in the time of Cooper's Indians. But one habitation greets the eye, and that is a rude hut, used only in summer by an occasional fishing party.

WEALTHY BACHELORS IN SUMMER

Millionaires' Houses that Are | Various Ways Rich Men Strive Lonely During the Summer Despite Owners' Riches.

"Love levels ranks," said an old bache-lor clubman, stretching his feet out com-fortably until they touched the opposite ledge of his fayorite curtained window looking down the outside premenade; "and when it comes to summer divorces I find that it is not the poor bookkeeper who suffers any more than his millionaire

who suffers any more than his millionaire knownan. It lovely woman will deart nome as soon as the airgets pleasant—wby, paor man must suffer for it, and there isn't any gradation according to rank."

"I remember," continued he, smiling with lightly veiled glee, "dropping in to see Millinghalte George Gould one pleasant July day when his family, deserting him unceremoniously, had all fled to the mountains."

'Mr. Gould sat upon a rear veranda of-"Mr. Gould sat upon a rear versions for his house, with his coat off, trying to get cool. My call was a business one, but they showed me out to where he to jed with the breezes with a paim leaf fan.

"The biggest fool! know when it comes to the content of the c

"Tim glod to see you, said he, and I want you to stay to dinner. Yes, -as I began to interrupt him -yes, I well know that you came on business about the railroad, but you are going to be my guest all the same. Fact is, I can't eat in the summer when my family is away. If I stay home I nearly starve to death. Can't can opposite a figure painted on the wall," "At this instant a trim maid announced linner, and we went into the punderous

dining room, Dinner was laid in state for two and I jumped immediately to the scheme. There was a standing order in that house to serve dinner the minute a caller happened in, and thus save Mr. Gould the horror of a fete a tete with the Cupid

rer the fireplace.
"After dinner I asked Mr. Gould what "After dinner I asked Mr. Gould what he did when he was alone to amuse himself. For answer he whistled there times. There was a scrambling, a jumping, a series of short yelps and into the room rushed some of the most splendid hounds I ever saw. They sprang up to their master and leaped all over him. One-I think he called her Carrian—fa weed upon his knee and refused to leave his chair when the other dogs were dravenout, "That is my summer amusement when I stay in town," said the master of the manner.

"Herrmann Ocirichs," said the old clubman, falling into the easy attitude of the min who is telling tales out of school and doesn't care who hears them, "is the doesn't care to the follow I ever saw when he is left in the city in midsummer, with a million dollars' worth of house upon his hands ind a dozen servants. Instead of remining he sets to work to have a good time. Herrmann is, the folliest fellow about having good the family were at home, but his ladies of the family were at home, but his ladies of the family were at home. But his ladies of the family were at home.

"Ordrichs is a born athlete. He takes exercise because he loves to be active. I have known him to play handball with himself-a ball and the side of a roomfor an hour on the hottest day. He throws the boll as high as he can, catches it tosses it again, and gets into a rearing perspira-Then he takes a sponge, and goes downtown to have people tell nim how fresh and cool be looks, and how well-groomed and handsome be is. "When Delrichs is at home alone—

and handsome be is.

"When the other is at home alone—which isn't often, as he and his wife are the most devoted married couple in New York—be turns the whole house into a gymnasium. Instead of sulking and repaining like Gould, he makes the best of the situation. He gets up when he wakens, the situation. He gets up when he wakens, the situation is a friend in to the situation. The gets up when he wakens, the situation is without his wife and with a big house to manage isn't any coof fellow who leaves a thin drinks, smokes, and makes himself think he is having a good time. If you drop in to see him before 10 o clock you will find him in his shirt-sleeves with a coffee tray in front of him, thinking and sometimes

tray in front of him, thinking and some times smoking vigorously.

"I den't know anybody that is quite as much misrepresented as Edward Green and his wife, Hetty. They are pictured living apart, and happy in their separation. But this is not true. Their divorce, when it occurs, is a business one, and out strictly a summer one, and takes place any time of year.

"Edward Green," said the clubman, lean "Edward Green," said the cusman lead-ing forward to look for down the street, "Is a man who travels around a great deal. He visits different cities and is the guest at the heat club of every town. In New Yora he belongs to the most aristocratmight get a glimpse of his sinw fontaseps approaching. When his wife is busy on business, as she honores to be this spring. Mr. Green lakes the equantizative operant.

the most away. Estward, as shough thred of his empty consister, goes out also.
"A year ago he was see, and then the devotions of his wife in nursing him and dismissing unworthy nurses was set forth in public and occode found out for the forting that Perty and her husband were good friends. It isn't right to mis-represent a woman as Hetty Green is continually mistropessured. But that is the pensity of being a "leeffe too grasping," as they say up in the country restors where licity makes her summer home.

"J. Pierpent Morcan," continued the clubran, with a contemptuous chucke at checking and still keep his figure, has the clubran, with a contemptuous chucke at the fallshores of a follow mark it would fine could earthe sand-up to food is not good. Some philanthropic ougant to open a lunch place where aman can eat cheaping and still keep his figure. Those how to have a grout time. Ween his

know how to have a good time. Ween his something has to be done, however, to keep the family is away he amuses himself in a manner which a worldly old bachelor like myself would call idiotic. And, while I sandwiches, cakes and milk."

to Pass the Time When Compelled to Stay in Town While Their World Is by the Sea.

think of it, I believe I'll put it down in writing that, if I am ever found acting that way, a commission is to inquire into my

"As soon as Morgan's family is well out of town, what do you suppose he does? Why, he goes over to St. George's Church and looks over accounts and records. He doubles every cent given to the church charities, or some such nonsense as that, and he acts as if he enjoyed if. Queer, isn't it? Ecosting days in summer to find a man who might be cutting off his new bond lasne checking off chairties and geing them one better. Morgan enjoys it better than a game of whist." Here the old club-

staying at home is Cornelius Vanderhit. He works like a day laborer all the while his family are out of hown. Vanderbit is a sensitive home chap, awfully fond of his children, and when they are away he works to drown his sorrow.

"After his sor died a few years ago he used to work that way. But the old library had a corner in it, where the son used to sit, and Mr. Vanderbilt had to have att form down and refuted to por thu corner out of sight. Now, in the new ho

corner out of sight. Now, in the new house, he closen't notice it.

"I have passed there myself at 1 o'clock in the morning when the family were away, and seen the light peering around the window curtains of his library. If I wanted to kill the head of the richest house in America. I would go away, if I were his wife, and leave him alone all summer. "Joins Jucob Astor is a queer fellow when he is alone," said the clubmanchuckling at a recollection. "In truth, he doesn't know what it is to be left for months in the summer, as most poor benedicts are, and as some of us are left—for life. Before he was married he was always with his mother, and since his mar-

ways with his mother, and since his mar-riage he sticks closer to his wife than a hurr to a horse closestuit.

"But she does get over to Philadelphia once in a while and leaves him. A friend of mine west in to call on him one night, knowing he was abore, and being well aware that he would never go out under

Home wasn't home for him.

"It is when alone like this that Astor gets up those books of his. He thinks of inventions and gives them practical form. in words at least. He would make a great literatteur, I think, if he were self a grass whiteger often enough.

"Rockefeller is never left alone. He makes it one of the conditions of his home that he is not to be left to run it all alone.

happier than a roor fellow who leaves the shop and goes home to cook a thin steak over a gas stove. The peer man has got hunger and the steak to think about, and the rich man has got only the echo

of his empty rooms.
"Yes, there will be summer divorces this
year the same as ever!" C. S. RUSSELL.

QUICK LUNCHES MAKE FAT MEN.

Result of the Habit of Eating Food in a Burry.

Another evil result to the deadly quick lunch has come to light, and the complaint has a foundation of scientific probability. "I've noticel," said a man, "that every person who acquires the quick lunch habit gets fat as soon as he has come under the explicit enforcement of the system. Men who ad been thin their whole lives have begun tiping.

It is perfectly plain to see why it hap home, is a very merby deal man. He tives slow, easy life, spending many hours in his club, and letting let ron the home ranch as she pleases. But when Mrs. Betty goes away, Edward, as though tired of his copty charters, goes out also.

"A year ago be was size, and then the



"It Is When Alone That Astor Thinks Up the Books."